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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1911.

AFTER THE SOUTHERN GOVERNORS

There is to be a celebration in Baltimore in December. It will be called "Maryland Week" and will begin on the 24 day of the month. Governors of Southern States and Presidents of Southern railroads are expected for an all-Southern conference. The special purpose of the conference is to discuss the ways and means of encouraging immigration to the South to the end that the material resources of this part of the country may be speedily developed. The conference will be held under the general direction of Greater Baltimore Committee, a boosting organization of great faith in its own community. The conference has not yet been called. It is true; but Governor Crothers says he will do everything in his power to induce the Southern Governors to meet in Baltimore in December, and "if a personal letter to each of the Executives will be of any weight, I certainly shall write them," Baltimore," continued the Governor, "is of the South, and its metropolis. It is the proper place for such a meeting, for it is the policy of Baltimore and Maryland to keep in close touch with all the problems which affect the Southland."

Mr. Edwin L. Quarles, director of the Greater Baltimore Committee, says that "before it (the conference in December) meets a programme should be arranged in which all the sections of the South could be represented." It would appear that the conference is in nubes so far; but it is likely to develop almost any minute.

We would suggest that arrangements be made by Business Manager Dabney to capture all the Southern Governors if they shall attempt to pass through Virginia, and that the conference be held in Richmond, which is not "of the South," but is in very truth The South. That would be a clever thing to do, and with the help of the Boosters it can be done; anything can be done for Richmond if Richmond men and Richmond influences will get together and work for Richmond. There is no question of larger consequence to the South than the increase of its population by desirable immigrants, but as we have waited so long for the tide to turn this way we should be a little careful of what it shall bring in when it starts this way. There are millions of acres of the richest land in the world lying fallow in the South because there are none to till it, and there are millions of men who could be brought here to take care of it; but there are other millions who should not be invited. There are many men in Maryland who would make good Virginians, and it is after these, and such as these, that the Governors of the South should go.

Mr. Norman M. Parrott, secretary of the Travelers' and Merchants' Association of Baltimore, is heartily in favor of the proposed conference in December, "as a means of strengthening the bonds between Baltimore and the Southern States." But, Men and Brethren, if we understand the present situation, it is to loosen in some degree the strange hold of our friends and neighbors on the Potomac River upon the commercial and industrial South. By all means let the Governors of the Southern States get together on the "immigration question" but let them get together in Richmond.

CURTIS IS DEAD.

William Elmer Curtis will write no more. The busiest and one of the most effective pens among the journalists of this country is still, with the generous heart, the quick intelligence, the alert observation, this man of affairs has finished his course and finished it with honor. Born in Ohio sixty-one years ago next month, educated at the Western Reserve College, a traveler in many countries, an author of many books, a writer for the newspapers of prodigious energy and an officer of the Government in a number of important places of great distinction, one of the charter members of the famous Gridiron Club and a member of a number of other clubs of national reputation, he lived a busy and useful and honorable life, and died suddenly in Philadelphia on Thursday night greatly to the grief of his hosts of friends all over the world.

Mr. Curtis was known chiefly for his newspaper work. Since 1885, for twenty-six years, day after day, and, we believe, without a single day's intermission he contributed a letter, filling not less than a column and a half of newspaper space, to the Chicago Record-Herald, in which he dealt with all manner of topics in the most intelligent and informing and attractive way to the delight and instruction of millions of readers. Equally at ease and equally welcome whether conversing with Pope or King or President, he yet was welcome in any company, and never failed to draw some lesson from his abundant studies that served

to dignify his noble craft and to make himself one among a thousand of those who write for the public.

Mr. Curtis's home was in Washington, though he might have been regarded as a citizen of the world; for there was no land under the sun his feet had not trod. He was a charming companion, a generous host, a finished workman, a Christian gentleman, and in his death the journalism of his country, and of the world lost one of its brightest lights.

HOW THEY LOOKED AT ORANGE.

A charming woman from Richmond happened to be at Orange on Wednesday, when the Boosters' Train reached that historic place, and has written a long letter to The News Leader about what she saw and heard and thought about it. Her letter has fallen into our trust hands. It is intended to give "an idea of how a Richmond woman feels when she unexpectedly sees a crowd of her representative townsmen," and she must have felt out of sight from the way she writes about them. "I do not think Richmond needs any boosting," says the writer; "you can't paint the lily; but if the crowd I saw yesterday did not do Richmond any good, believe me it at least made the heart of a Richmond woman glow, yes, glow with pride and delight." She saw the charming lady editor of the Orange Observer when she delivered to the most appreciative person in the bunch a mass of the loveliest flowers fresh from her garden. It was driven in upon her consciousness that "the great Nebraska is not the only Bryan," and then the story proceeds:

"Conspicuous among the Boosters was 'Dear Jeter Jones,' as I heard a lover of music style that townsmen of mine. With him there was Mr. W. H. White. They were members of the Glee Club yesterday. The crowd was a grasp my hand and Mr. August Simonetti; now that he is married he smiles even sweeter than ever. Looking as if he were ready for a German at the Masonic Temple was Mr. J. B. Hill. As a child I always, when I bought cakes, saved the money to buy a cake. Nothing is indicated by this innocent remark but, just finally, I will say Oh! how I did shake, and, yes, hold as long as I dared, the hand of our beloved Mayor Dwyer Crockett Richardson, who was in his best trim physically, mentally, and all otherwise. Much to my regret I, being a woman, had to refuse his gracious invitation to go on the Booster train to Culpeper and came quietly on the train following. Oh! how I did hate to say no. . . . There were many more 'Prominents,' but I was so full of joy, I just lost myself in the crowd. I was glad to see them."

That is "going some," we should say, and there will be more like it doubtless when all the returns are in of what the people all along the line thought and said about "our beloved Dwyer Crockett Richardson," and "Dear Jeter Jones," and Boschen, and Dabney and brave Julian Hill, and Acting President Funsten and all the rest of the grand army of workers for the glory and prosperity of Richmond.

There is talk already of another expedition of the same sort down into the grand Old North State, and the reports which have been coming in show, even before the dust of travel has all been brushed off, that friendly relations have been established that will make the North Carolina end of the business of this town fairly boom before the present year is ended. Next year it must be arranged so that at least twenty-four hours shall be set apart for Charlotte. There is so much down there to see—the very spot where the Declaration is said to have been proclaimed, the house in which Jackson lived, the site of the Navy Yard, the colleges where beautiful young women and brave young men are educated, the falls of the river where water is converted into lightning, the very trees under which Cornwallis's men slept before that great General went to Yorktown to be fired upon by Starling Gunn, and a thousand things, sacred and profane, which the Boosters could not have been expected to see in the dark, but which shine out in resplendent glory upon the pages of history.

STICKS TO IT.

The Montgomery Advertiser said that the horse was seventeen feet high, and swears to it, and we admire it for its audacious mendacity. Annius, as almost everybody knows, has been one of the most prominent figures in the history of the world, and he wasn't born in North Carolina. A week or so ago the Advertiser told a story about a man who had picked 750 pounds of cotton in one day. We denied that anybody could have done anything of the sort, and called for the proofs, and now comes the Montgomery paper unblushingly insisting not only that its story was true, but insisting, further, that "a few days later a fellow named Manley, of Hunt County, Texas, picked 801 pounds." The explanation is made that where these feats were performed the cotton was very thick; that the picker made only one pass at a boll, and that after the picker "comes a boy who cleans up the cow-licked cotton, getting the scraps as it were." A sort of Ruth and Naomi business, we suppose; and by counting the cow-licked cotton and having such other assistance as could be provided, the picker was enabled to do the trick in cotton where the seed is so heavy that in every pound of cotton picked there are three pounds of seed. Was it in Alabama that the progressive farmer packed his grindstone in the middle of his bale to make it weigh well?

THE WOMEN FOR TAFT.

A staff correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, who has been following the Taft expedition in the Inaugural country, writes from Denver that "the women of Colorado admire President Taft and approve his Administration," and that "if they have a

title of the political influence with which they are credited, the President has in the feminine citizens of the State one of the most successful proselyting agencies now working in his behalf." They like him on general principles; but chiefly, we are told, because he stood by Dr. Wiloy, the great American food expert, women being constitutionally opposed to the use of any sort of dope in the things that they eat themselves or that they serve to others. Another reason Colorado women are said to be for him is that his views on the divorce and peace questions have appealed to the feminine mind. Some of the saleswomen declare that they will not back him, they do not know exactly why; but at least one of them has declared her preference for La Follette, probably because there is a corset sold in his name, and with their La Follette pressing upon them steadily during waking hours as a sort of constant reminder they cannot forget "Battling Bob."

It is a great thing for Mr. Taft to have the women with him, even if they can't vote, and he will need all the support he can get, and will take all that will come to him and be duly thankful. His main trouble is not personal but political, and whenever the sky looks brightest to him a little cloud no larger than his veto messages on the wool and free list bills is almost sure to darken all the drama about him. When the women begin to buy their winter flannels they will want to know why they cost so much more than they would have cost if the President had approved the Underwood wool bill.

HARMON'S GOOD HOBBIES.

Governor Harmon, of Ohio, declares that he has two hobbies—good roads and limited taxation. Good roads mean the interchange of small commerce. They mean a broader development of the people. In the old days a man lived and died in his native town, but in these times, through good roads, the horizon of every person in the community has been enlarged. Good roads mean better citizens. By limited taxation Governor Harmon means direct and customs taxes together that are not oppressive. The methods of taxation by tariff and in the several States are unsystematic and are productive of unequal burdens and ought to be changed.

There was a man in town yesterday who looked as if he might be the next Governor of Virginia. It would not be out of place to say that the women of North Carolina are also a very sweet spoken set, whether they speak in the affirmative or in the negative.

MAJOR STEDMAN IS COMING.

Major Charles M. Stedman, of Greensboro, has been appointed by Governor Kitchin a delegate from North Carolina to the fourth annual convention of the Atlantic Deepwaterways Association to be held in Richmond week after next—on October 17-20. Major Stedman is the member of Congress from the Fifth North Carolina District and is bound to make his mark in the House at Washington, as he has made his mark, and a very high mark, wherever he has been tried. The other day in Greensboro he marched with the Boosters and marched like one of the boys. It is hoped that the people of this town will have the pleasure of hearing him while he is here; for there is no better speaker in North Carolina, which is to say in the South, the North Carolina men being all born orators, and, without prejudice, it may be said to their credit that they speak in words of goodness from the cradle of the grave.

GOING BACK TO THE PSALMS.

Woodrow Wilson's head is level on at least one subject: He does not believe in "silly and meaningless" hymns, and said the other night in Trenton that "they have neither poetry nor sense in them," and he was entirely right. Warming up to his subject he said further: "Why can't we sing the old Psalms? Why can't we take in paraphrase, if in no other wise, those immortal voices which have sung the spirit of God through generation after generation. Why do we have to concoct silly rhymes of our own?"

That's what we want to know; that's what the Seceders, the Psalm-singing Presbyterians, have been asking all these years; that's why these few but faithful people who were described by old Parson Brownlow, miserable wretch that he was, as "a peculiar sect of Christians who sang David's Psalms, ploughed with double lines and greased their shoes with tallow," have stuck to the Psalms; that's why they used, until a few years ago, the old Scottish Version of Dr. Rouse, in spite of its many imperfections in metre rather than adopt the two-step variety that has made its way into the organ loft to the destruction of both dignity and praise. Among the United Presbyterians of the Northern States and the Associate Reformed Presbyterians of the South there will be hearty approval of Dr. Wilson's tribute to the old songs. We do not believe, however, that he could sing a paraphrase even to save a Presidential nomination.

AMONG THE MORMONS.

Mr. Taft is meeting all sorts of people on his present tour. Last week he was snuggling up to Stubbs and Bristol in Kansas, then he was saying pleasant things to Bryan in Nebraska, and day before yesterday he was knocking around with the Mormons in Salt Lake City. The "old folks" of Utah were having their semi-annual entertainment at the Tabernacle, and the President was introduced to them by Bishop Nibley, of the Mormon Church. When the Bishop asked all of those present who had crossed the prairie in the Mormon migration of 1846-7 to stand up, the greater part of the congregation arose, and when the pilgrim hymn, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," was sung, the old men and women wept aloud as they rocked with the rhythm of the hymn.

It was a moving spectacle, and the only thing that seemed to mar the occasion was the statement of President Fred W. Price, of the Young Men's Republican League of Utah, who suffered his enthusiasm to get away with his judgment when he declared, in introducing the President and predicting his re-election, that November next year would find the "Democracy of Utah" in its customary place, deep down in the slough of despond.

The President said, on rising to his feet, "I am here as President of the United States," which was rather hard on Fred Price, although he probably did not care very much. Exactly why the President should have been incensed by the remark of Mr. Price we do not quite understand, when the President himself has on more than one occasion explained his course in vetoing bills passed by Democratic votes partly on the ground that they were not in keeping with his obligations, to his own party and its historical position on the tariff question. The President was entirely right, however, in calling down the spokesman of the Young Men's Republican League. Many a good thing is spoiled by the idle talk of immature youth.

A postmaster in New York has retired after almost sixty years of work for Uncle Sam. This man has chewed tobacco all his life and the successive efforts of ten postmasters could not stop him. Other clerks, who used spruce gum were long ago incapacitated. This is a uminous commentary on the value of the "chaw." Some of the greatest of Americans have "chawed."

A VICTORY FOR THE "CHAW."

There was a man in town yesterday who looked as if he might be the next Governor of Virginia. It would not be out of place to say that the women of North Carolina are also a very sweet spoken set, whether they speak in the affirmative or in the negative.

The school child who described Norfolk as "the place you go through on the way to Richmond," is pretty well educated already.

The Huntington (West Virginia), the same being the name of the State which will not pay its debt to the Old Dominion Herald stands up for the fat women of the country. It proclaims boldly its fascination for "the oleaginous female," declares that "while fat women abound there will be saved to humanity generous receptacles for the oil of human kindness," doubts that any one ever saw an untamed shrew who was not as lean as a bean stalk, asserts that "fat women are sweet tempered and equable in all things," avows its belief "in the pristine saccharinity of the fat sister," and confesses its "contempt of those who would discredit her." That's all right; can't make her too fat for us nor too lean. Fat or lean, long or short, thin or thick, old or young, wise or simple, strong or weak—it doesn't make any difference, she is the salt of the earth, and she will come mighty near inheriting it before this scheme of things is wound up.

Another bit of genuine philosophy from "Abe Martin," the Indiana seer: "Teller behind in a three-passenger auto allus looks like he wuz ridin' agin his will."

All the Boosters who were at Lynchburg on Wednesday and took part in scaling the heights of that place, where the railroads are built in the cellar and the main streets on the house-tops, will understand how it happened, probably, that Carter Glass did not run well in his recent race.

One of the Boosters, who is tolerably well known to Boschen, of Broad Street, was overheard the other day, the last strenuous day of the Great Expedition, holding a conversation with his feet, about in this way: "Look here, feet, you and I have been friends a long time; but it 'pears to me you ain't doin' your fair share of the work just now. If you're goin' to keep up our reputation you want to do better." This private audience is said to have taken place at Lynchburg after the fourteen-mile march the Boosters took in that town.

Does Not Go Far Enough. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—The Vonderlehr ordinance does not go far enough. It should apply to theatres. Take our Academy of Music, for instance. Why should a horde of negroes be allowed to go to the theatre, while the white people, because of their impetuous circumstances are compelled to sit in the gallery? Why should white people, who are compelled to sit in the gallery, be allowed to go to the theatre, while the negroes, because of their impetuous circumstances are compelled to sit in the gallery? Why should white people, who are compelled to sit in the gallery, be allowed to go to the theatre, while the negroes, because of their impetuous circumstances are compelled to sit in the gallery?

Against Incompetent Chauffeurs. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—In regard to the accidental killing of Mrs. Wharton and exonerating Miss Fairbank and Mr. King, don't let us go to the point of saying that boys and girls and young women running automobiles that are not competently driven by a woman, and there is too much to be said on.

Autumn. The world is sad and growing colder. Summer's perfumed breath has fled; The solemn sea is sounding bolder. Its dreared dirges for the dead.

Which blith the fields and forests where Late the summer's flowers grew. And on the grieving world around The falling flush of autumn glows. And lifeless leaves are raining down On the gentlest breeze that blows.

But spring will come with pulses And words to life the seeming dead. And the skies that now are sadly sobbing Will be as laughter overhead.

And those who live to see their blight In the declining autumn years May find their hearts and eyes bright. That beams above the vale of tears.

BAKER LEE YOUNG. Newport News.

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antagonistic legislation enacted servilely at the behests of unreasoning sentimentalists and petty demagogues. Neither will the just rights of labor be satisfied to be ignored or slighted. That great body of our citizenship embraced under the designation of "laboring men" forms an essential factor of our social organism, and I confess my inability to conceive how those of any other class could really desire harm to befall them, either from the standpoint of many principle or from policy.

But what is the situation? Imprecation, brand and bludgeoning, predatory wealth, plutocracy, trusts, corporations everywhere abound. Dire forebodings are voiced over the concentration of wealth—the rich becoming richer and the poor getting poorer! Pessimistic editorials, extravagant cartoons, condemnatory party platforms, are among the manifold agencies working to keep the public in turmoil. The strong arm of the government is raised against the reasonable restraint of trade. Railroads and other corporations that have been of inestimable service in developing this wonderful country are denounced upon the enemies of the people's liberties, labor unions and brotherhoods are becoming more and more powerful and exacting. The "tyranny of capital" may now be threatened by a "tyranny of labor." Now, it is not heretofore denied that there are just grounds of complaint against the several situations sought to be remedied, but there is too much exaggeration, too little discrimination in the premises, which has largely defeated the proper police essential in rectifying evils and conserving the true commonwealth, and this has given an impetus to that most mischievous and pernicious doctrine, the "bumping of all ills—governmental paternalism." The interests are not all children of the time.

But while the "captains of the guards" of the contending factions and flags are active and alert, while the self-seeking demagogues are fanning the fires of discord and selfishness holds much sway everywhere; while the honest statesmen and publicists are burning the midnight lamp in faithful endeavor to solve the problems that are perplexing the people, the situation will be saved by that proper police essential in rectifying evils and conserving the true commonwealth, and this has given an impetus to that most mischievous and pernicious doctrine, the "bumping of all ills—governmental paternalism." The interests are not all children of the time.

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To have pure and wholesome food, be sure that your baking powder is made from cream of tartar and not from alum.

The Label will guide you

Royal is the only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum No Lime Phosphates

Daily Queries and Answers

Spanish Word for Bad Place.

1. Tell me what Spanish word corresponds to the English word "hell."
 2. Also tell me how long a time would have to elapse (in Virginia) before a person would be safe from a person who had been in a state of "hell" for a long time. Could I have him arrested after the offense was two and a half years old?
 3. Yes.
 4. No.

The Olympian Jupiter.

Please print a brief sketch of the Olympian Jupiter? C. S.
 The Olympian Jupiter, the greatest of all sculptors, was removed to Constantinople by Theodosius the First, in the second century.

Grammatical Question.

Which is correct? Ladies, are my hat on straight? or, Ladies, are my hat on straight? SUBSCRIBER.

PLOT TO KIDNAP SON OF THE SPANISH KING

BY LA MARQUESE DE FONTENAY.

HERE seems to be some foundation, after all, for the story of the discovery of an anarchist plot to kidnap the young son of King Alfonso, of Spain, who is now nearly four years old, who is undergoing entirely successful treatment for his speech and hearing, at the clinic of the celebrated specialist, Dr. H. Raymond, at Fribourg, in Switzerland. For the number of Swiss and Spanish police officers who are gathered at the clinic, and who are watching over his safety, are not many. The plot, which was discovered by the Swiss police, was a very serious one, and it looks very much as if the Federal authorities at Bern, and the national government of Fribourg, had become alarmed for his safety. The plot was discovered by the Swiss police, and it looks very much as if the Federal authorities at Bern, and the national government of Fribourg, had become alarmed for his safety.

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